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Number LV.—MAY.

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Knowned thou yesterday thy aim and reason,
Worked thou well to-day for worthy things;
Calmy wait to-morrow's hidden season,
Nodest not for what hap o'er or it brings.

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The SUMMER SESSION will commence on
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LECTURES:—Anatomy and Physiology of the
Teeth, Mr. A. S. Underwood; Dental Surgery
and Pathology, Mr. E. J. Hutchinson.
For Catalogue containing particulars of the regu-
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CHILDREN'S TEETH.
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spurious imitations.

OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

The Popular Budget Ballad, sung with general rounds of applause at the St. Stephen's Music Hall, by the new Exchequer Startler, G. J. G-sch-n.

AIR—"Two Lovely Black Eyes."

Down at the House, in the days that have been,
This grave Sage you might often have seen,
HARCOURT and I, and the Chief between,
But oh, what a surprise!



I joined the Conservatives frank and free;
GLADSTONE got angry right speedily,
All in a jiff to see G. J. G.

Rat to the To-ries.

Chorus.—I join the To-ries?

Oh, what a surprise!

Rads were all telling me G. J. was wrong
To join the To-ries.

When to resign RANDOLPH thought it was best,
The Chancellorship upon me was press'd.
A humdrum Budget I feared, I confessed,

When oh, what a surprise!
A surplus I found; it was small, 'tis true,
Less than a million, but what did I do?
By a neat little dodge made it more than two!
That opened their eyes!

Chorus.—Revenue on the rise!
Oh, what a surprise!
HARCOURT was dumfounded, CHURCHILL
was dished;
Loud cheered the To-ries!

Didn't the Chaplins halo and shout?
HARCOURT and others, of course, expressed
doubt,
But the Tories may leave me to fight it out;
In that they'll be wise.
Cut down the Annual Charge on the Debt;
Penny off Income Tax—good bait, you bet,
Lib'rals or Tories, they're all glad to get
That little surprise.

Chorus.—Long it has been on the rise.
Ah! what a surprise!
Who will be telling G. J. he is wrong?
This is penny-wise!

Working Man's 'baccy tax—give that a wipe,
Please the poor feeders on porter and tripe
Friend of the "Masses" put that in your
pipe,—

Ain't that a surprise?

Fancy my Budget's a fine work of Art.
RANDOLPH may sneer; shows he's feeling the
smart.

'Tian't so bad, eh, my friends?—for a start,
With my new allies.

Chorus.—Give 'em a fall, not a rise!
Oh! what a surprise!

As for Retrenchment—well that in the sweetest
Of "sweet By-and-Byes!"

THE *Court Journal* of April 16 is quite
wrong about TONY, M.P., and almost right
about Mr. *Vice Versa*. Such mistakes must
occur in any paper which is "regularly
taken in."

THE GRAMMAR OF DISSENT.

JUDGING from the proceedings of the Grand
Old Grammarian and his followers on one
side, and Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN, COLLINS,
CAINE & Co., on the other, the leading pecu-
liarities of the "Grammar of Dissent" would
seem to be as follows:—

1. The Articles are all indefinite—very.
 2. The Adjectives are strong, and mostly in the superlative degree.
 3. The Substantives are singularly unsubstantial.
 4. The Verbs are all exceedingly irregular, and confoundedly hard to conjugate, the imperative mood predominating in most of them in a quite disproportionate way.
 5. The Adverbs share the characteristics of the Adjectives.
 6. The Pronouns are mostly relative, but very seldom agree with their antecedents.
 7. The Prepositions, as governing the "objective" or "accusative," are quite the most popular parts of speech—on platforms, and other places where they perorate.
 8. The Conjugations are exclusively disjunctive, even at Round Tables.
 9. The Interjections are invariably derisive and denunciatory, each being as provocative as *Miss Miggs*' "Oh, Mim!" and as contemptuous as *Mr. Burchell*'s "Fudge!"
- It will be seen at once that the study of these parts of (partisan) speech must be conducive to mutual conciliation, and general harmony.

Reply to an Abel Exposition.

SIR FREDERICK told them all "what's what"
In the Institute Imperial,
But the Public do want to know who's who,
Which is far more material.

THE WILD WEST (at Earl's Court, S.W.).
At present we don't know much about
"Buffalo BILL," but one thing is certain,
that the Buffalo Bill-poster is doing his work
uncommonly well.

"NEWS!"

("From the most Reliable Sources.")

COURT.—That the Duke of EDINBURGH intends supplying saluting-guns for his ship at his own expense.

That Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg are shortly to take a tour round the world, unaccompanied.

That for the convenience of the Jubilee celebration, HER MAJESTY will occupy Buckingham Palace for a month after May.

That Sir JOHN SOMERS VINE is to be the new Master of the Ceremonies in further recognition of his services in South Kensington.

That the Prince of WALES discountenances the further collection of subscriptions for the Imperial Institute.

POLITICAL.—That Lord SALISBURY has invited the following Gentlemen to visit him at the Château Neville, near Dieppe, to meet each other when the Session is over:—Mr. *Punch*, Mr. CONYBEARE, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. CHAPLIN, the Editor of the *Times*, and Mr. GLADSTONE.

That the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the event of the Premiership becoming vacant, would be called to assume the leadership of the Party by acclamation.

That a Bill for the encouragement of Good Breeding in Parliament will be backed by Messrs. HEALY, SEXTON and Colonel SAUNDERS.

GENERAL.—That all persons who have ever been presented at Court will be expected to appear at the next Drawing Room, to be received personally by HER MAJESTY standing.

That Covent Garden Theatre will be shortly taken by Mrs. BROWN POTTER for the performance of *Man and Wife*, the Haymarket having proved too small to accommodate her present enthusiastic audiences.

That the proper celebration of the Jubilee will be a source of much anxiety to Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

That Her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN ANNE is not yet dead.

IN THE SPRING.

In the Spring the bleak North-Easter urges on its wild career;
In the Spring Asparagus comes in, as tasteless as 'tis dear.
In the Spring those awful cads go howling "Flowers all a-blowing!"
In the Spring "sweet April showers" bless us—when it isn't snowing.

In the Spring Spring-cleans are on us in discomfort full and fell;
In the Spring house-painters flock and kick up a confounded smell.
In the Spring the gardener rouses for another year's extortion;
In the Spring come young potatoes,—extra tuppence for a "portion."
In the Spring our winter vesture shows a shabby sort of shoen;
In the Spring the early wickets stick into the sodden green.
In the Spring the artful "tipster" spreads flat-catching webs anew;
In the Spring the Clerk comes asking—vainly—for a rise of "screw."

In the Spring "May Meeting" summaries burden the newspaper column;
In the Spring the Budget Night makes all tax-paying folk look solemn.

In the Spring the merry Artist ups and puts his works on show;
In the Spring the R. A. Dinner brings forth speeches stale and slow.
In the Spring the little poets pump up gushing little lays,
In the Spring the shivering public curses all the poets prais.
In the Spring—well, then there happens every blessed kind of thing,
And, in fact, the only thing that's really missing is—the Spring!

PARNELLISM AND PARALLEL.—EXPERT examining specimens of Mr. PARNELL's signature, quotes from *Twelfth Night*, Act II., Scene 5:—

"*Malvolio*. By my life, this is Master PARNELL's hand: these be his very C's, his H's, his R's, his L's; and thus makes he his great S's. It is, in contempt of question, his hand."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantage of resembling a Celebrity.)

SHE. "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON. HAVE YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIBEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

HE. "A—A—I WASN'T AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME IS TETTERBY THOMPSON!"

INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

(Items from an Unpublished Page of a Jubilee Fund Subscription Book.)

TOMMY ATKINS (equivalent to one day's pay), screwed out of him, against his will, by the "Collecting Major" . . . £0 1 2
Like amount, got by similar means, from seventy other protesting brother privates in his regiment . . . £4 1 8

JACK MARLINSPIKE.—His subscription towards the "Lubberly Institute," dragged out of him, neck and crop, by the blarney-talking First Lieutenant . . . £0 1 6

Similar amount captured in like fashion from his white-feather-showing messmates . . . £4 10 6

A COUNTRY PARSON.—Amount which he stands sorely in need of for the purchase of a new waistcoat, given out of no sympathy with the Imperial Institute or its objects, but forced from him through fear of losing his local character for respectability, and dread of social ostracism . . . £0 5 0

SECOND SUBSCRIPTION FROM DR. BRAMBLE'S ACADEMY, contributed by "One who wishes the Jubilee at the bottom of the Red Sea," "A Chap who would much rather spend his Shilling in Jam," and five other recalcitrant pupils, who think the Imperial Institute "beastly foolery," and hope the QUEEN won't get up half enough money for it . . . £0 7 0

The Falagu Tribe (per the Mongo Islands Missionary Society's Secretary), who send all they've got in the world to help the Great

DESPAIR!

A MOODY Man sat by his cheerless fire,
Angrily gazing on its fading glow.
His anxious wife besought him, but in vain,
To tell the secret of his agony.
His flaxen-headed boy, with loving eyes
Gazed at his sire and wondered at his silence.
His little baby girl, just two years old,
Crept to his knee and sought his usual smile.
But all in vain! Within his gloomy soul
There seemed but place for one overpowering thought.
At length his poor fond wife, with streaming eyes,
Entreated him to speak, and thus he spoke:
"The 'Busman gave me pence for my change,
And, out of them five pennies, three is French!"

CAMMING IT STRONG.

MR. PUNCH, Master of All Arts and Doctor Doctissimus congratulates Sir REGINALD HAMSON, M.A., and Lord M.A.-yor of London, on the Grand Cantab Re-unionist Banquet of Wednesday last. The Munching House was temporarily transformed into the Cambridge Senate House, and had the Vice-Chancellor proposed a toast, "The Dons!" with "They are jolly good Fellows," it would have been drunk with enthusiasm.

As a foretaste of the good dinner in store for them, the Academical guests were welcomed in the vestibule by a genial COOK, by whom many of them visiting the Mansion House for the first time were "personally conducted" up to the Lord Mayor. Mr. CAMPBELL-BARNHEIM and Mr. MARRIOTT, Q.C., sat cheek by jowl—which was "cheek" and which "jowl" must be decided by their friends—and exchanged stories about the Cambridge Union. The A.D.C. was powerfully represented by Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY and Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., who had comic speeches in their pockets, which, for some reasons or other, they did not deliver, even to the reporters. DEURIOLEAUS, on whom, in spite of his having entertained the A.D.C. men, an honorary degree has not yet been conferred, was not present, but was supposed to be amply represented by Pasha BROADLEY. SMITH of world-wide renown was there: so was BROWN, but JONES was conspicuous by his absence. JONES missed a good thing. There was another Mayor present, a Canon Mayor, but not such a big gun as my Lord in the Chair. Altogether it was a great occasion and most enjoyable festivity.

"It is late for me to be out," observed the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as he referred to his watch and gave Sir RICHARD WEBSTER the correct time by BEXSON's chronometer. His Grace regretted that the Church House was not in existence, as he and his chaplain might have finished the evening there, and offered hospitality to many old friends. As it was—But here the Archbishop sighed, and saying "Good night! bless you!" generally, departed. Then the waiters went out, and the lights went out, and there was an end of the evening.

White Mother to build herself a palace, but wish she could manage to do without it . . . £0 1 8

And from the average British Tax-payer, up to his eyes in calls upon his purse for things that concern him much more nearly than the sentimental celebration of an epoch, pending further consideration of the matter . . . £0 0 0

A Dainty Dish to Set Before the Queen.

LET all merry children subscribe to complete
The House for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street!
They want Sixteen Thousand to make it all right—
A pretty round sum—let each mite give its mite;
The Children of England will raise, you'll soon see,
A Fund to thus honour the QUEEN'S Jubilee.

THE Irish Home-Rulers say that if the genuineness of the PARKELL Letter can be disproved, the Times ought not to be known henceforth as Jove the Thunderer, but as Vulcan the Forger.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S GREETING TO THE PATERS OF THE INCOME TAX.—"A Penny for your thoughts."

THE AIR (JUST NOW) IN RICHMOND PARK.—"O Deer! what can the matter be?"



"THE JUBILEE BUDGET." PAINTED BY J. G. GOSCHEN, R.A.

John Bull. "VERY GOOD, J. G. CONGRATULATE YOU. THE FIGURES ARE IN YOUR HAPPIEST STYLE, AND THE LANDSCAPE CHARMING."

Grandolph (with professional jealousy). "DON'T THINK MUCH OF IT. IF I'D PAINTED SUCH A PICTURE, THE CRITICS WOULD HAVE BEEN AWFULLY DOWN ON ME. (Disgusted with everything and everybody.) BAH!"

Song for Mr. Goodallround, R.A.

O SUSANNAH! don't you cry for me,
But for President of Bristol's Art Societies,
See my Andromeda who fresh from rock and waves is,
Shown at the "Andromedaries,"—known as Mr. GRAVES'S.

EVIDENT TO EVERYBODY.—Is Mrs. WELDON preparing for the Fray? Mais en sera-t-elle pour ses frais? C'est à voir.

ZOLA's play, *Renée*, is a failure. The Public is not taken with the piece, and the Manager isn't taken by surprise, as he had provided for a *Renée* Day.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—FOLKESTONE tells me of an incident not elsewhere reported, which, as he says, shows the growing spirit of mischief among the Masses. When House met this afternoon, Strangers' Gallery filled with a rush. Few minutes later entered a Stranger for whom attendant specially made room. When he took his seat, Stranger put on his hat. Thrill of horror went round crowded benches. Everyone expected to see attendants fall upon the reckless man, and conduct him to lowest dungeon beneath Clock-Tower. Nothing happened. "What's sance for the goose is sance for the gander," said another Stranger, putting on his hat and folding his arms. In an instant attendants swooped down on him. To remove his hat and lead him forth, work of a moment. "Booh!" he cried through the keyhole when door shut on him. "And this is what you call justice between man and man?" Yet this is only the beginning, FOLKESTONE thinks. We shall presently have the Masses demonstrating in Strangers' Gallery, and perhaps insisting upon taking part in debate.

Cause of all this was TIM HEALY. Suspended on Friday night by order of the House, he voluntarily hung himself up on topmost tier of seats in Strangers' Gallery wearing his hat in mute defiance. Hence looked down through greater part of night upon varied scene below.

Père SAMUELSON took earliest opportunity of clearing a character hitherto unimpeached. GOSCHEN, speaking at Edinburgh, had hinted that the Père had been an instrument in the hands of the guilty GLADSTONE, and had been put up to move amendment on Coercion Bill. Evidently what hurt the Père most was, the suspicion that he could be taken in.—he, the Father of such a son! Indignantly and at some length rated GOSCHEN, who with ill-affected lightness of heart withdrew allegation, and so incident closed without bloodshed. Fancy they'll leave le Père alone after this.

Tuesday, 1.45 a.m.—House divided on Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Everyone relieved. Last instalment of debate considerably above average of former nights. SEXTON made many good points in speech of hour and half duration. Would have been capital if it had been shortened by the odd hour. But the Windbag will have its way. HARTINGTON followed in comparatively brief speech, which, like GLADSTONE's and BALFOUR's, was constantly interrupted.

"Haven't heard HARTINGTON lately," said the American Minister, looking down from the Gallery. "Has wonderfully improved as a speaker since he went into Opposition against old friends."

Curious spectacle HARTINGTON rising from side of GLADSTONE to support Conservative Coercion Bill. GLADSTONE uncontrollably wrought by old friend's observations. Across the seat vacated by HARTINGTON he leaned, commenting with much gesticulation to JOHN MORLEY on successive passages. HARTINGTON must have heard much he was saying, which made matters a little awkward for everybody. GLADSTONE in fine form when, after dinner, his turn came. Constantly interrupted. But, with back against the wall, planted some resounding blows among his assailants. Then ARTHUR BALFOUR, whose speech was rather an altercation with Irish Members; next PARNELL, denouncing as "an unblushing fabrication" letter which Times says he wrote to PATRICK EGAN after Phoenix Park murders; and, finally, Division, showing 260 for the Amendment that "Père SAMUELSON" was not "put up to move," against, 370.

Business done.—Coercion Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday Night.—Sudden and complete transformation-scene. The crowd that swarmed on every bench, and filled the Galleries in the early morning, has disappeared. The tossing sea become a mill-pond. For

PARNELL pale and passionate we have PEASE placid and painstaking, and for the mighty torrent of GLADSTONE's angered eloquence HUSKEY VIVIAN mildly expostulates with a Government that will not straightway find money to build National Harbours. Complaints occasionally made of management of business; but this putting up HUSKEY VIVIAN

after the tempestuous scene of this morning, a stroke of genius. To see him sitting forward on the bench with notes of his speech

in hand waiting opportunity to rise, soothing to the perturbed spirit. When he rose, regarded empty benches with a kindly smile. No one would have been surprised if he had asked after their home affairs, how the wife was, and whether MARY ANN was better of the hooping-cough. His speech was like a benediction; and DE WORKS, who had been up for greater part of the night, presently assumed suspiciously stolid attitude. Closed his eyes in order to think the more closely; nodded his head in acquiescence, the regularity and emphasis of which strangely contradictory of his subsequent refusal to adopt VIVIAN's views. The subtle influence of VIVIAN's speech more apparent in the division, Government escaping defeat by a narrow majority of five. Then there was some talk about Sunday Letter-deliveries, which with perilous chances lasted through the dinner-hour. But when MARK STEWART at half-past Ten proposed to discuss the system of Agricultural Education, Members fled, and House Counted Out.

Business done.—Some homely talk.

Wednesday.—Parliament chiefly out of doors to-day. Speeches in all parts of the country by all sorts of men. HARCOURT came out at Shoreditch. By the way, forgot to make entry at proper time of little conversation between HARCOURT and BREESFORD. It was just after Naval Lord's speech on Estimates.

"Capital speech," HARCOURT said, in his patronising way. "But you know, CHARLIE, you don't look like a Statesman."

"Well," said CHARLIE, "and you don't look like a Weathercock."

Thursday.—Budget Night, though nobody would think it looking round at benches. No crowding anywhere, and many gaps, the most prominent and remarkable on Front Bench where GLADSTONE's seat is empty. HANZ missed a Budget Night for nearly fifty years. But takes holiday to-day. HARCOURT there with large sheet of foolscap designed to cow GOSCHEN. Desired effect obtained. What with HARCOURT in front and GRANDOLPH on his flank, GOSCHEN looked picture of misery; spent early hour of sitting in forlornly wringing his hands. "Looks more like as if he had a deficit than a surplus," said MONTAGU, who is something in the City and interested in finance.

GOSCHEN got on at five o'clock, another peculiarity of the occasion being that no scene intervened. This not JOHN DILLON's fault. Rose after questions, and solemnly indicted HARTINGTON forasmuch as he had brought forward certain accusations without attempting to substantiate them. HARTINGTON according to genial custom, delayed his coming. No one to answer DILLON, and promising scene smothered in infancy.

GOSCHEN spoke for three mortal hours. Good business address, not absolutely entrancing in interest. HARCOURT followed, and then GRANDOLPH brought up his guns, raking GOSCHEN fore and aft. GOSCHEN a little alarmed by attack, but House not quite certain that since National Finance a serious business, it would not on the whole prefer GOSCHEN at the Treasury rather than GRANDOLPH.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Crushed worm will turn at last. DENMAN stood years of obloquy from brother Peers. Have snubbed him when he rose to take part in debate; out-manoeuvred him when he has obtained precedence for his motion; fill the House with conversational chatter when he argues, and fix him with stony stare when he declaims. Generally too many for him. But this week he had them in a fix. Gave notice to move the rejection of Land Bill, so got leading place in important debate, and Lords compelled to stay and hear him. For two nights debate ran. DENMAN sedulously taking notes. Quite impartial. Prepared to throttle Opposition whilst he rolled Ministers in the dust. At midnight debate ran out. LORD CHANCELLOR about to put the question.

"My Lords," said DENMAN, rising, and preparing to deliver a two-hours' speech.

LORD CHANCELLOR on his feet at the same moment. Put Amendment—declared it Negative; put Second Reading: "Those who are of the opinion—say Content—contrary—Not Content—Contents—have—it."

DENMAN still standing, with notes in hand, beheld the House



"Something in the City."



"Little Hussey!"

actually adjourning; Members leaving their seats; LORD CHANCELLOR preparing to descend from the Woolsack; Black Rod advancing to take up mace.



"Partic'lar Engagement."

interposition given House such thorough "satisfaction." Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a Second Time.

He had been jockey'd!
When truth flashed upon him, the seedy, faded man flushed to roots of hair. Shaking fist at LORD CHANCELLOR, he cried aloud—"This is another case of Clôture. I have been treated in a most ungentlemanly manner. If any noble Lord chooses to doubt that, I am perfectly ready to give him satisfaction."

Pretty to see effect of this challenge upon noble Lords.

What had begun as a leisurely retreat became a rout. Nobody wanted satisfaction. Everybody perfectly satisfied.

"Twelve o'clock!" said LORD MONK-BRETTON (*né* DODSON). "Dear me, how late. Got a particular engagement." Putting on hat and seizing umbrella off like a shot. As for LORD CHANCELLOR, nearly tripped over gown in making for door. In forty seconds House clear, and DENMAN shaking his fist at empty Woolsack went forth into the night. Never before had his

THE CHOIR-BOY; OR, SENTIMENT MADE EASY.

I ONCE composed a Polka,
And I thought it full of "go,"
Sure to set the heads a-nodding,
And to please the nimble too.
But my publishers said, "No,
dear boy!
The Polka's had its day,
The public's got a serious turn,
Dance-music doesn't pay.
But there! don't be down-hearted!
The tune's too good to waste.
Just take it home and alter it,
To suit the public taste.
We want a song with sentiment
To make the public cry,
The piano—not too difficult,
The voice-part—not too high!"
Then I took my little Polka,
And turned it inside out,
And added subtle harmonies,
And twisted it about;
I played it very slowly, (there—
With harmonium here and
It's wonderful the pathos
The harmonium lends an air.
Then I added chords in triplets,
Strange, weird chords they were,
With rippling soft arpeggios
Like harps borne on the air.
Then fainter grew the music,
Then softly died away,
Like ling'ring gleams of sunshine
In the fast-declining day.

Then I wrote a set of verses,
Of a sickly sort of kind,
About a little choir-boy,
Of a morbid turn of mind.
Of course he'd large blue eyes,
And golden hair, that boy,
And of course he sang divinely,
Did that "mother's only joy,"
And when he sang on Sundays,
His voice o'ertopped the rest—
Which was very inartistic,
But the public like that best.
Of course he soon grew pale and
And faded day by day, [wan.
And just about the third verse,
He faded quite away!—
And now at Penny Readings,
Young curates sing that song,
Till not a dry eye's left,
In all that solemn throng.
And when the mothers hear it,
They softly sob and weep,
And the fathers snore approval,
In their after-dinner sleep.
It's played on barrel-organs,
And on ev'ry German band,
And it's selling now by thousands,
Far and wide throughout the
land.
And when I get my little cheque,
I chuckle in my joy,
And bless that little Polka,
That became "The Choir Boy."

AT COVENT GARDEN.—What a brilliant Opera is *Carmen* up to the middle of the third act, and after that, how sad! Poor *Don José*! what a small amount of amusement he got for his trouble! Only to sit on a hard chair, in a wayside tavern, while *Carmen* danced, sang, and played the castanets! "Quality but quantity" was the *Don's* motto, but "Quality and Quantity" is Colonel MAPLESON's, for the House was crammed with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and Mr. Punch can heartily congratulate him on his Italian Opera at popular prices. Of *BIZET's Leila* more in our next. For the present, with MINNIE HAWK as *Carmen*, Mr. Punch, like the "Torador," is "contento."

SPECIMENS OF MR. PUNCH'S SIGNATURES!

(Fac-similes taken during the course of the Evening.)

Punch

THIS IS BEFORE DINNER,
7-30. ATTESTED BY
SEVERAL WITNESSES.

Punch

THIS IS AFTER THE PUNCH À
LA ROMAINE, ABOUT THE
MIDDLE OF THE BANQUET.

Punch

THIS IS WITH THE
DESSERT.

Punch

AFTER THE
CLARET.

Punch

AFTER THE
CLARET AND THE
PORT.

Punch

DURING THE CIGARS, WHISKEY
AND WATER.

12-30. BEFORE LEAVING TABLE.

Punch

1-30. BEFORE GETTING INTO BED.

Punch

The above have been submitted to an eminent Expert, who says he could almost swear they are the same hand-writing, but must come and dine with Mr. P., in order to absolutely verify them.

BY A MARTYR TO EAST WIND.

ENGLAND grows old, pessimist songsters sing;
At any rate, she has lost all her Spring.

MOTTO FOR THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE COLLECTOR-IN-CHIEF.—*Sic volo, sic Jubeo-o!*



"A FAIR JURY, AND ALL HOME-RULERS."

THE CHALLENGE.

THE gauntlet's down! In tourney days
The Knight who failed the gage to raise
Had courted instant shame.
But who needs set his lance in rest
In days when knighthood seems a jest,
And chivalry a name?

The fire of honour burns so low,
The lying charge, the felon blow,
The modern lists disgrace.
Swashbuckler champions fling the glove,
And cravens falter ere they move
The swelling foe to face.

Of swaggering champion, shrinking knight,
One who provokes a needless fight,
Or shuns a needful fray,
Which most degrades a noble cause,
Or violates fair honour's laws,
Let casuist critics say.

The wanton challenger, perchance,
O'erconfident in ponderous lance,
Or mighty mass of mail,
As little chivalrous may be
As he who shirks the glove, or he
Who falters in the fray.

The Philistine colossus flung,
With vaunting mien and mocking tongue,
His haughty challenge down
Before the hosts of Israel;
The braggart Titan, when he fell,
Missed honour's golden crown.

It is not giant strength of thews,
Or power the time, the lists to choose,
That wins a champion fame;
'Tis honest cause and courage high,
And knightly magnanimity
That dares not stoop to shame.

The gauntlet's down! That glove to raise
Will win the challenged trust and praise;
For men love not the shift,
Whatever its motive, that evades
Arbitrament of crossing blades,
Or fears the gage to lift.

BLOWING THE FURNISS.

WHEN two of *Mr. Punch's* young men put their heads together to produce so excellent a literary and artistic joke as that now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery, Bond Street, *Mr. Punch* has only to recommend the acute Public to go and judge for themselves if he is not right in saying that the humour exhibited in the pictures and the catalogue is about as mirth-provokingly original as anything they ever remember to have seen. *Mr. MILLIKEN's* catalogue is quite a third of the joke.

Mr. Punch would advise them, when the London Season is over, to start a caravan—a Royal Academy on wheels—travel all over England and Scotland, cross to Ireland, and then visit the States. If they could only obtain the services of a third humorist with the cackling and singing powers of the celebrated Mont Blancist, ALBERT SMITH, and an *impressario*, like his brother ARTHUR, they ought to make a fortune with their show here and in America. *Prosit!*

MRS. RAM is in a very excited state of mind about *Parnellism and Crime*. "I cannot believe," she exclaimed indignantly, "that any Irish gentleman would be associated with such ruffians as these ruffianly Incurables. And why doesn't Government do away with the Fenian Park in Dublin?"

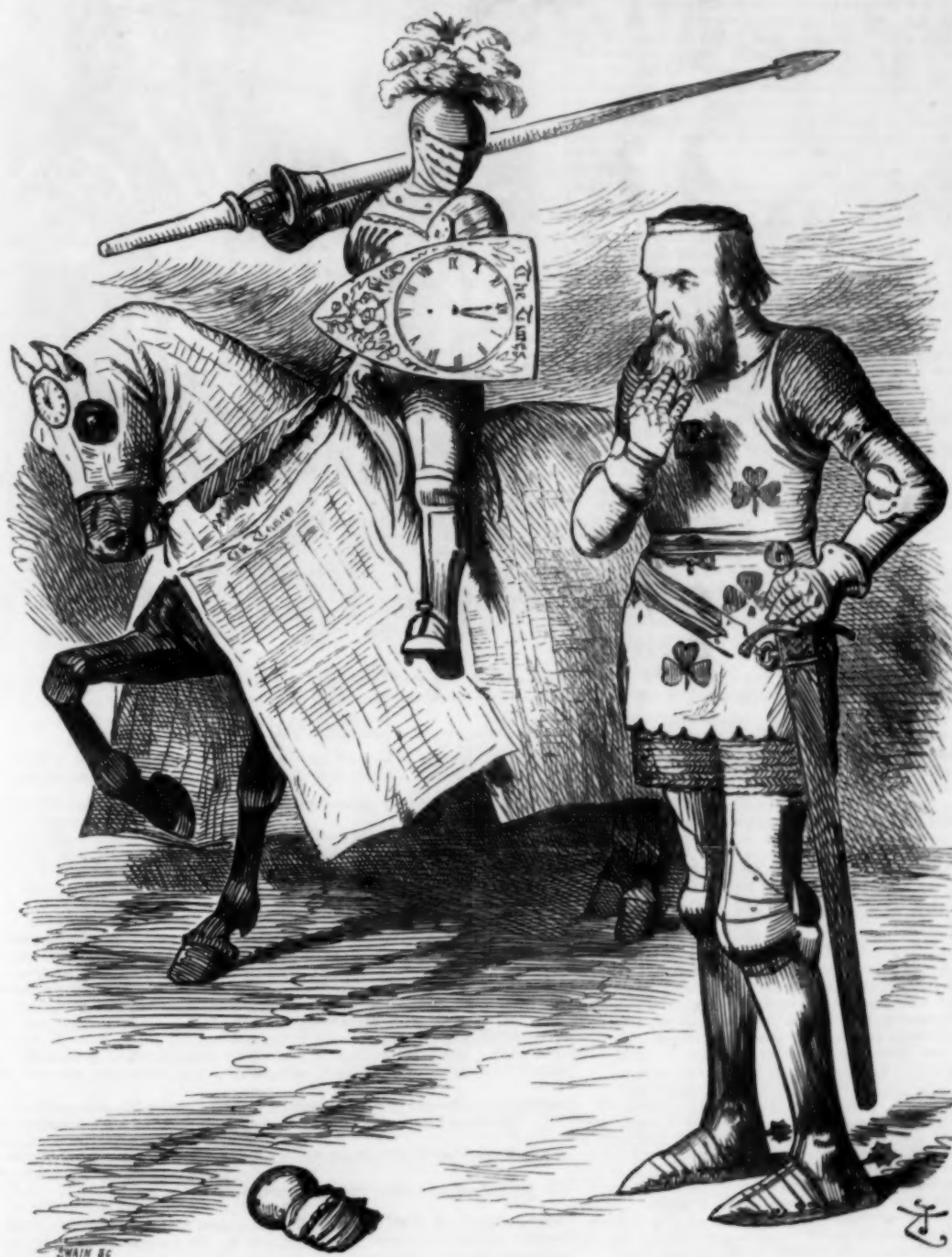
THE SOLDIER'S FEAR.

UPON the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the alehouse, and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
To use his pocket-handkerchief,
While tears began to swell,
The soldier leant upon his sword—
It bent—and down he fell.

Amid the roar of battle,
The warrior's fellest blow
Has failed to penetrate the coat
That shields the vaunting foe.
But though the pliant steel may cost
Our bravest and our best,
Be sure the sword most yielding there
Has passed the strictest test.

THE BOBADIL BAYONET.—BEN JONSON'S *Every Man in his Humour*, might be produced at a War Office performance. There's a capital scene where *Bobadil*, bending double the bogus weapon commended to him under that name, contemptuously cries, "This is a Toledo! Foh!" TOMMY ATKINS's blade in action would probably "fool him to the top of his bent."

A PROPOS of the above, *Mr. Punch*, wishes it to be distinctly understood, that in his "War Office Advertisements," in last week's Number, no reflection was intended on the conduct of any particular individual official. With the fresh energy shown in every department, and the decisive action taken at Chatham and Woolwich, *Mr. Punch* looks forward hopefully — STANHOPE-fully — to vast improvements in the future.



THE CHALLENGE.



JAMES COLEMAN



Mrs. Harcourt Camp (log.). "PARNELLISM AND CRIMES! IT'S ALL RUBBIDIO!"

ORACLES IN COUNCIL.

Being a Report of the first Meeting of the Philosophico-Poetico-Professorial "Committee of Public Safety," appointed to preserve the British Empire from dissolution.

Professor T-nd-ll (confidently). Well, Gentlemen, thank Heaven and the Nineteenth Century—

Professor H-zl-y (emphatically). And the Fortnightly Review—

Mr. R. L. St-v-us-n (mysteriously). Not forgetting the Contemporary—

Professor T-nd-ll (impatiently). Well, thank Heaven and our Monthly Mentors, that confounded Talking Shop at St. Stephen's—

Mr. R. L. St-v-us-n. Of which we are all so ashamed—

Mr. M-th-w Arn-ld. Which is so diamally lacking in lucidity, so wanting in sweetness and light, and—

Professor T-nd-ll. Oh bother! Don't let us be the slaves of catchwords, the fools of phrases. I was saying, thank Heaven, and—well us—that Talking Shop at St. Stephen's is at last superseded, or at least suspended; and we, appointed as a Committee of Public Safety with dictatorial powers *pro tem.*, have now set before us the business of *Saving the State!* How shall we begin?

Professor H-zl-y. With the Endowment of Science and the establishment of a proper System of State-directed Technical Education. I have a plan here (drawing from his pocket the MS. of a lengthy Magazine Article) which I flatter myself—

Mr. M-th-w Arn-ld. Ahem! Stop a moment. Highly important, of course, my dear Professor. But hadn't we better settle the Irish Question first?

Omnes (angrily). Hang the Irish Question!

Mr. M-th-w Arn-ld (sweetly). With all my heart. Only, we can't hang it up, unfortunately. It stops the way.

Professor T-nd-ll (irritably). But that's exactly what the sophistical old Sciolist of Midlothian says! (General howls.)

Mr. D-c-y. I entirely agree with your—ulations. Still, the question must be settled, though, of course, not in the Hawarden Incubus's scatter-brained style. ("Hear! hear!") I have here an article—(murmurs)—which I intended for FRANK HARRIS—(producing a manuscript roll)—but which may find fitter use here. It is a complete plan for the settlement of the Irish Question. It may save time if I read—

Professor T-nd-ll (nervously). Pardon me, my dear Professor, but as Chairman I feel bound to suggest that we should introduce some measure of law and order into our debates.

Anonymous Oracle (from the T-m-s). By the way, talking of Law and

Order, there lies the root of the matter—of all matters, indeed. I've been hammering away at it, in my "leaders," for months, but nobody pays any attention to me. The primary duty of a Government is—

Mr. R. L. St-v-us-n (acidly). Oh, yes, yes, my dear Sir, we know all about that. (Aside—"We ought to.") But what is Law? What is Order? If Mr. HYNDMAN and his horn-blowing supporters have their way, Law will lap and swaddle Liberty into the infantile impotence of senility. Our legislation already grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors who now begin, note-book in hand, to darken the face of England. As to Order—order is not everything. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to man than—

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd (impatiently). Pardon me, but it seems to me I have read something very much like this before—somewhere.

Mr. R. L. St-v-us-n (drily). Very likely. You seem indeed to have read a good deal—somewhere.

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd (hotly). What we want is a good, sound, manly, Palmerstonian, *Civis Romanus sum* Imperial policy, that shall teach the brutal Boers to tremble at the name of—

Mr. M-th-w Arn-ld (dulcetly). Oh, come, come, Mr. H-gg-rd. *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi* is all very well—in fiction. But this is not novel, nor are we here engaged in novel-writing.

Mr. Fr-de (innocently). By the way, what are we engaged in?

Professor T-nd-ll. Why—a—a—Saving the State, to be sure.

Mr. Fr-de. Have you read *Oceana*?

Professor T-nd-ll (warmly). Everybody has read it, my dear Sir—of course. But—

Mr. M-th-w Arn-ld. Seems to me to advocate Tory men, and Radical measures. I don't object to the combination, if you'll show us how to work it. But I think I've a better plan, which I was going to send to the *National Review*, but which, if you'll allow me, I'll—

Lord T-nn-s-n (abstractedly, and *à propos de rien*).

I hold it true with him who sang

"The Fleet," that England's going to pot;

That all this talk is utter rot,

And all you babblers may go hang.

Omnes (appealingly). Oh come, I say, my dear Lord. Lord T-nn-s-n (gathering his cloak around him).

Come? Nay, I go! [Does so.]

Professor H-zl-y (sardonically). Just like these Poets!

Mr. Afr-d A-st-n. Well, there are differences and degrees, Professor. We're not all alike.

Mr. M-th-w Arn-ld (sotto voce). No, thank Apollo!

(Hereupon the Council breaks up into groups of two or three each, and argue angrily their various points, each man flourishing fiercely a bulky roll of manuscript. The Poets take the lead in this hot polemic, the Professors making a good second, the Politicians out of work being "well up." The terms "sciolist," "dreamer," "pedant," "dogmatist," "Philistine," &c., &c., fly about freely. Earl Gn-y, not being able to make his voice heard above the din, sits down in a corner to write one more denunciatory letter to "The Times"; and Mr. G-LDW-N SM-TH, who has come over for the occasion, drafts a brand-new Coercion Act, empowering himself to exercise summary jurisdiction over all his polemical opponents, and pop all amateur legislators into strait jackets "on suspicion" of insanity without the formality of a trial.)

Professor T-nd-ll (making himself heard at last). Gentlemen! Gentlemen! This is not Law and Order. neither is it Sweetness and Light. I adjourn this Committee for a month, to give yourselves time to cool down. Up to now we're "no forrarder" I fear, but our next sitting will no doubt be a settler. Your respective manuscripts, which I am sorry not to have utilised on this occasion, will no doubt come in handy for the Symposium of next month's Magazines. When we reassemble—

[But here he finds himself alone, all the members having rushed off with their MSS. to the offices of their respective publishers.]

SEASONABLE CON.—What is the difference between Spring rains and Royal Academicians? The former are April showers, the latter May Show-ers, to be sure.

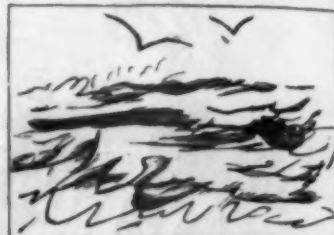
SELECTED SPECIMENS FROM THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN'S SHOW.



No. 243. "Not-ice." Yes, it is Ice. Dedicated to the Humane Society.



No. 602. Divers Amusements; or, In Defiance of the Police Bathing Regulations.



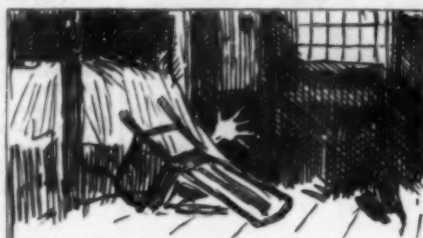
No. 529. No use Crying over Spilt Ink. Send it to the Inkstitute.

No. 161. *Laus Naturæ*. The Double-headed Dobbin. Its companion turned pale and fainted.

No. 609. Mr. Henry Irving inspecting Costume and Wig for a New Piece.



No. 822. The Bad Oyster Girl.



No. 803. Extract from Tommy Toper's Diary: "Next morning, found myself under the bed. Haven't a notion how I got there."



No. 798. "There is a providence that shapes our ends." What boots I've got!!

THE PILGRIM OF HATE.

A Popular Song, sung by Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n in Scotland and elsewhere.

RECITATIVE.

CH-MB-RL-N, my beloved!—he calls in vain.
CH-MB-RL-N! Echo hears and calls again.
A grand old voice repeats the name around,
And with J. CH-MB-RL-N Scotland's hills resound.

AIR.

A Hermit who dwells down at H-w-rd-n had crossed me,
As wayward and proud up Fame's mountains I pressed;
The aged man feared from his staff he had lost me,
And offered—a sell!—in his Cabinet rest.
"Ah! nay, Grand Old Hand, I would far rather wait;
No rest, save at top, for the Pilgrim of Hate."
"Yet tarry, my Son, till my H. R. Bill passes;
Let's bow to the League and P-RN-LI, its great head.
You'll not leave the Masses and vote with the Classes?
Come in, take your seat. Reform's banquet is spread."
"Ah! nay, Grand Old Hand, I'm not caught with that bait.
No rest under you for the Pilgrim of Hate."

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MONTH.—*London Society* is worth going into for the sake of meeting Mrs. LYNN LINTON and hearing what she has to say about "Pretty Polls," and what Captain HAWLEY SMART has to tell about "A False Tart." Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON is rather to be consoled with on her acquaintances, if "Some men I have known" is a true account of them. Save her from her friends! *London Society* in its present form is a considerable improvement on its old arrangement with double-barrelled columns, when the reader had to go down one side and up the other, and then down again, instead of straight across as now. And, thank goodness, there are no illustrations.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"Spring's delights are now returning,"—and one of the delights of Spring are doubtless Water-Colours. How could they mix their colours without the Spring? Eh? But no matter, the combination of spring and colour seem to have been more than usually successful. Sir JOHN GILBERT's "*Cardinal Wolsey*," is an admirable picture. Excellent are the views of London by Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, Mrs. ALLINGHAM's "*Picture Book*," Mr. SMALLFIELD's "*Ringers of Launcell's Tower*," Mr. MARKS's "*Listening Monk*," and Mr. HENRY MOORE's seascapes. There are notable contributions too by Messrs. E. K. JOHNSON, CARL HAAS, BIRKET FOSTER, BEAVIS, A. W. HUNT, S. P. JACKSON, WALTER FIELD, A. H. MARSH, P. J. NAPTEL, and Miss CLARA MONTALBA. The Old Watermen's is a mighty pleasant exhibition—it is just about the right size and never gives you the headache.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

It is seriously suggested that duelling is likely to be re-introduced into England, to meet the necessities of Brawlers of the House of Commons. Under these circumstances it is as well that a Code of Regulations should be formulated at once. Always equal to the occasion, Mr. Punch supplies the want:—

1. The weapons used shall be squirts full of dirty water, or thick single-sticks—the challenged shall have the option of choice.
2. The duel shall not be stopped until either or both of the combatants are drenched with water, or have their legs and arms black-and-blue with bruises.
3. When the principals shall have been well drenched or soundly thrashed, their honour shall be deemed to have been vindicated, and they shall retire.
4. An account of the proceedings shall be reported in Mr. Punch's pages—pour encourager les autres.



THE TENANTS' BALL.

Mr. Algernon (the Young Squire). "MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF A WALTZ WITH YOU, MRS. M'CLUSTY!"

Mrs. M. (of the Home Farm—a Heavy Weight). "WITH PLEASURE, SIR. SHALL WE 'OP IT OR SLIDE IT, MR. ALGERNON? I THINK WE'D BETTER SLIDE—WHICH IT'S LESS FATIGUING FOR THE BULKY!"

THE PEELER AND THE POLL.

UGHT to feel ever so much happier and prouder this morning, because Parliament has given me a Vote! Wish it had been extra week's holiday, or rise of pay. Afraid the Corrupt Practices Act has prevented my making any good use of my electoral privileges as—but no, I must not pursue this train of thought. Don't know where it'll lead me to, quite. Possibly Newgate.

Called on already by an Electioneering Agent. Said that under happier circumstances he would have been glad to have given me a sovereign; but now can only offer me a primrose. Asks me to stick it in my button-hole, as a particular favour. He seems to intend a joke. I do.

Went on my beat, as usual. Cook wants to know where I've got "that there beastly yellow flower" from. Says she believes a "Dame" gave it me. Don't know what she means, but can see she's jealous.

Cook asks me if I'm "a Rad?" Try to find out first what she is. Says she's a "Liberal-Unionist, now, but a little while ago was a Tory Democrat." Find she hates the Radicals. Says, "she can't abide that hold GLADSTONE," and wants me to promise to vote against him. I do, but ask why. Cook says he's always speaking against the Force. That settles it. Cook says her two favourites are "that dear Lord RANDOLPH," because "he's got such a lot of bounces, and doesn't mind who he cheeks, not a bit," and Lord HARTINGTON, who's "a pet." Well, Cook knows all about it, of course, but still don't feel quite sure whom to vote for. And an election's just coming on too. Read the papers, and try to get insight into political situation. Papers don't help much. Seems to me that both sides ought to be run in, and get a couple of months' "hard."

Just taken up a man for being drunk and disorderly. Said he'd injured himself, and wanted me to "examine into the state of his poll." Used shocking expressions, and then tried to get round me by saying, "he was sure his language was quite Parliamentary." Asked him for his name, and said it was SKYON. Believe it's an alias, as he was dreadfully drunk. Lodged him in gaol, anyhow.

Polling day. Off duty. Meet pleasant chatty fellow. Takes me into public-house and insists on treating me. But isn't "treating" illegal? Must look it up. Long talk on politics. Find he's an Irishman, and says Irish peasantry cruelly oppressed. He himself evicted seventeen times. Sounds improbable. He argues that Peelers must be in favour of Repeal. Promise him to vote against Lord SALISBURY's Irish policy. Don't know what it is, but can't break my word very well. Go to poll. Little boys very rude—shout, "Does Cookey know you're out?" Vote for JONES. Hope he's a Liberal-Unionist, but don't feel sure. Meet my Inspector. Frowns on me, and says that I've "been seen talking to very suspicious character." The chatty Irishman, it seems, was a Fenian from New York. And I've voted for his candidate! Get a severe wiggling: wonder if there's such a thing as a severe Torying? Hang politics!

Pay call on Cook in low spirits. Discuss my vote. Also discuss something else, in larder. Have evidently made mistake in voting for JONES. Cook wipes her lips savagely with dish-cloth, and says "Then you have bin and gone and voted for hold GLADSTONE after all, young man, eh?" I say I don't know. "Don't you never come down this area no more!" she shouts, and as her attitude is threatening, I leave hastily. Is this what they mean by an "area of disturbance?" Wish, on the whole, I hadn't been given a Vote.

Shelving Them.

(Address by Mr. HENRY IRVING on behalf of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon.)

A LIBRARY's been built there, and very well it looks, We've got a lot of shelves, but we haven't any books, So now you are requested by this meeting and myself, To get some fine Shakspearian works and—put 'em on the shelf. For Stratford-upon-Avon, my dear Shakspearian elves, Is than London far more central. Here's to "Our Noble Shelves!"

A TUNE TO DISTURB THE KING-HARMONY OF THE MEETING,—
"Hayden's Surprise."



BUFFALO BILL'S INDIANS VISIT THE BUTLER'S PANTRY, AND THE GREAT BRAVE KNOWN AMONG THE PALE FACES AS "HAREFOOT," THE CHIEF OF THE LOCO MEDIANES, SCALPS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS ADMIRING VISITORS.

THE DRIVING DUKE.

Fragment of a Coming Novel of Modern Society.

"ONE well-known West-end Milliner is a graduate of Girtton: another bears a title; a third conceals a name not unknown to BURKE under a pseudonym * * * Many of the best women of all classes are ready to do anything by which the honest penny may be earned."—*Daily Paper.*

ALGERNON PLANTAGENET FITZ-WHELE, fifth Duke of Basinghall, stood at the scullery-window, and gazed at the blank wall beyond. The drawing and dining-room floors of the Belgrave Square Mansion above were let respectively to two rich middlemen from the provinces. Hence the Duke and his family were reduced to the necessity of occupying their own kitchens. Things had been going rather hardly with them of late. The sale of the Rutlandshire estates had not realised enough to pay off the mortgages with which the property in brighter days had been heavily encumbered, and the sum realised upon the disposal of the family jewels, and invested as a last resource in the purchase of a wholesale butcher's business in the Tottenham Court Road, had totally disappeared, engulfed in the failure of that ill-fated and sadly mismanaged enterprise. Nothing was, therefore, left them but the town family mansion, and this, by boldly inserting a bill bearing the word "Apartments" over the hall door, they had hitherto turned to sufficient good account to enable them to cover the charges of the parochial rates, and still preserve a little balance in hand over towards the joint expenses of their living. But the struggle for existence was a severe one. That very morning a local greengrocer who supplied them with an occasional sack of coals on credit, had declined to let them have any more without the money. It was this incident which had caused the Duke to stare with such settled gloom at the blank wall beyond the scullery window. Biting his iron-grey moustache, he turned mechanically towards the room.

As he did so, a tall, fair, graceful girl, whose proudly-arched neck and stately carriage told of the good blood that was flowing in her veins, rose to meet him. "Ah! Papa," she said, in a bright, cheerful voice, "don't be downcast about that horrid money. See, I shall soon make some. I have already painted seven of these birthday-cards, and when I have done three dozen the newspaper-shop round the corner says that I may leave them on sale or return, and get three-halfpence a-piece for them. Think, if I sell them all, you will be able to purchase and pay for two sacks of coal at once. So, courage, dear Papa." The Lady HONORIA kissed her noble father as she spoke. He only groaned heavily. In an instant his other three daughters, the Ladies ANNABEL, FLORILINE, and THEODOSIA, were at his side. "Look, Papa," they all cried with one voice, "why, we are all helping to bring grist to the mill."

"See," said the Lady ANNABEL, holding out a specimen of her work, "I am making match-boxes, and as I receive twopence for five dozen, I am earning nearly half a farthing in nine hours. It doesn't sound much," she added, with a light laugh, "but still it is something."

"And I, too," continued the Lady FLORILINE, "why, I'm getting a commission of five per cent. on the sale of a new non-intoxicant table-beverage. And I've almost persuaded the pastrycook in the next street to take three twopenny bottles on trial."

"Yes, Papa," chimed in Lady THEODOSIA, "and I'm making button-holes for an Agent of a large East End sloop-shop. It isn't very quick work. But the Agent says I'm sure to make something out of it if I can keep up at it. And I think I can."

At that moment the bell rang. The four girls at once made a movement as if to answer it.

But the Duchess, who had been poring over the Employment Advertisements of *Work and Leisure*, rising from her chair, stopped them by a dignified gesture.

"No—it is the dining-room ringing about dinner," she said, "and I had better take the orders."

Spite the aristocratic hauteur of her manner, there was a subtle tremulousness in her voice as she proudly swept through the kitchen-door that told of hidden emotion, stifled by superior breeding. The Duke noticed it.

"And only last season she, in her train and plumes, was presenting you at Court!" he wailed, piteously surveying her four fair daughters. Then he buried his head in his hands on the dresser, and wept.

The entrance of a handsome figure bearing a butcher's tray, and wearing the ordinary blouse associated with that calling, aroused him.

"I've just left my last joint," said the new-comer, heartily, "and looked in to see how things were going. All's well, I hope!"

"Ah, CADOGAN, my boy," said the Duke, mournfully surveying the garb worn by his son, "what a change from the Life Guards!" His voice was choked with the strong feeling that mastered him.

"Can you—can you bear it?"

"What! this?" replied the youthful Earl, good-humouredly, fingering the article of dress in question. "Why yes, considering I may still regard myself as in the blouse. Ha! ha! And as for this"—he took up his tray and swung it lightly on his shoulder as he spoke. "I might take 'Tray bien' for the family motto, so well do we get along together. Hope the mother is all right. Ta, ta, every one."

In another moment he had lightly mounted the area-steps, and vanished, whistling in the distance.

But the Duke had fallen prone upon the kitchen-table, his head again buried in his hands. He remained there motionless for some considerable time, then he got up—not before, however, he had made a resolve. It was to visit the representative of the General Omnibus Company that very night.

The apartments at 82, Belgrave Square are still let, and, owing to the occupation of the drawing-rooms by a rich family of the Hebrew persuasion, the house is doing fairly well. The Duchess still waits on the dining-room, and the Ladies HONORIA, ANNABEL, FLORILINE, and THEODOSIA, together with their good-natured brother, the Earl of LIMPET, do their little best to add to the family resources. The Duke, however, comes home now only late at night and leaves early in the morning, merely getting an occasional Sunday at home with his family. But his time is well employed. He is the driver of a King's Cross and Hammersmith omnibus. Those who do not know his story only notice the extraordinarily aristocratic bearing with which he handles the reins. Those who do, and they are limited to a few policemen along his route, point him out to each other as a "working man and no mistake." "You'll go a long way," they say, "before you'll match the Driving Duke!"

A NEW LAMP FOR AN OLD ONE (at the Comedy Theatre).—The "New Lamp" which employs the Russian Nihilist Oil, is but an indifferent substitute for the old and most effective *Fédora* Lamp patented by VICTORIAN SARDON. Only those who expect something more than nihil from a Nihilistic plot will be disappointed with that of the *Red Lamp*. A Trusted Reporter informs us that in this drama something is always being expected to "go off," but never does; that Mr. TREE is wonderfully made up, and, unlike the mine does "go off"—occasionally. Mines are hazardous things to deal with. Our T. R. further observes, that much as he should like to parody the piece, yet that this would be useless, as the Manager will probably "take it off" himself, unless the Lamp burns somewhat brighter than it did on the first night. The *Red Lamp* may give a steady though more subdued light, if carefully trimmed.

"CHARLES—HIS FRIEND."—MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, by Dr. MORELL MACKENZIE's orders, was not permitted to play *David Garrick* on Drury Lane stage. The papers reported him as "seriously ill." Nonsense, he is not, and never has been, "seriously" anything, and Mr. Punch is delighted to be in a position to inform the public that their favourite light comedian was only temporarily suffering, like most of us, from the East wind, and on any similar occasion he thinks of advertising himself as "East-WYNDHAM."

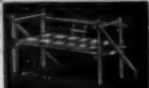
NOTICE. "STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO."—As the Picture Exhibition Season is now commencing, Mr. Punch temporarily vacates his Studio, and devotes the space to the Institute, the Royal Academy, and the Grosvenor. Study No. XXVII. is waiting to appear.

THE REAL "SLEEPING MAN."—JOHN BULL. Not even a prod with a corkerew bayonet seems to awaken him! Perhaps the "intense light" throw on to his eyes by recent revelations, and Mr. Punch's pungent comments thereon, may rouse him, and then—!!!

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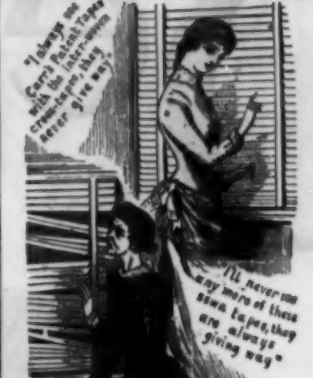
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